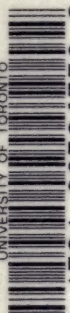


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Yorkshire Tragedy

Written subsequent to August 5, 1605

Date of first edition, 1608

[British Museum, C. 34, l. 5]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1910

10 1403
14 4 10



a genuine copy, cut out by myself from a
volume of contemporary tracts.

It is one of the rarest of first editions, al-
most the only one not in the Capell collection. I
can only trace two other copies, one in the Bodleian
Library, & another which sold at Evans' in 1825
for £17.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 149]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

A Yorkshire Tragedy

1608

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX

PR
2872
AI
1608a

A Yorkshire Tragedy

1608

"A Yorkshire Tragedy" was entered on the Stationers' Books May 2, 1608, and published the same year. A second edition, also in quarto, was "printed by T.P." in 1619. There were no other impressions until 1664 and 1685, when it was included, with other doubtful plays, in the third and fourth Shakespeare folios respectively. On questions of authorship, foundation, the three companion Plays, and the like, the student is referred to the usual well-known channels of criticism.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the MS. Department, British Museum, reports that the reproduction from the original is "very good indeed on the whole." As "rather too heavy" he particularizes the note (in script) on fly-leaf, the title-page, B3, B4b, C4b and D2b. A2 and the rest are "excellent reproductions, could hardly be bettered," except that there is "no flaw in original" in the 7th line from bottom on A3, and "no stain" in 3rd line from bottom on B2.

JOHN S. FARMER.

YORKSHIRE Tragedy.

*Not so New as Lamentable
and true.*

*Acted by his Maiesties Players at
the Globe.*

Written by W. Shakspeare.



AT LONDON

Printed by R. B. for Thomas Panier and are to bee sold at his
shop on Cornhill, neere to the exchange.

1608.





ALL'S ONE,

O R,

One of the soure Plaies in one, called
a *York-shire* Tragedy: as it was plaid
by the Kings Maiesties Plaiers.

(*)

Enter Oliuer and Ralph, two seruingmen.

Oliu. Sirrah *Raph*, my yong Mistrisse is in such a pit-
tifull passionate humor for the long absence
of her loue,

Raph. Why can you blame her, why, apples han-
ging longer on the tree then when they are ripe,
makes so many fallings, viz Madde wenches because
they are not gathered in time, are faine to drop of
them selues, and then tis Common you know for e-
uery man to take em vp.

Oliu. Maisthou saiest true, Tis common indeede,
but sirah, is neither our young maister returned, nor
our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the Puritan bawde
saies.

Slidd I heare *Sam*, *Sam's* come, hers, Tarry, come
yfaith now my nose itches for news *Oliue*, and so does
mine elbowe,

A 2

Sam

A yorke shiere Tragedy.

Sam calls within, *where are you there?*

Sam. Boy look you walk my horse with discretion,
I haue rid him simply, I warrand his skin sticks to his
back with very heate, if a should catch cold & get the
Cough of the Lunges I were well serued, were I not?
What Raph and Oliuer.

Am. Honest fellow *Sam* welcome yfaith, what tricks
hast thou brought from London.

Furnishe with things from London.

Sam. You see I am hangd after the truest fashion, three
hats, and two glasses, bobbing vpon em, two rebato
wyers, vpon my brest, a capcase by my side, a brush
at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, & three bal-
lats in my Codpeece, naie I am the true picture of a
Common seruingman.

Oliuer Ile sweare thou art, Thou maist set vp when
thou wilt, Ther's many a one begins with lesse I can
tel thee that proues a rich man ere he dyes, but whats
the news from London *Sam.*

Ralph. I thats well sed; whats the newes from Lon-
don Sirrah.

My young mistresse keeps such a puling for hir loue.

Sam. Why the more foole shee, I, the more ninny
hammer shee.

Oli. Why *Sam* why?

Sam. Why hees married to another Long ago?

Ambr. Ifaith ye Iest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? why,
hees married, beates his wife, and has two or three
children by her: for you must note that any woman
beares the more when she is beaten.

Raph. I thats true for shee beares the blowes,

Oliuer

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Olin. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years wages, my yong mistres knew so much, shee run vpon the leste hand of her wit, and nere be here owne woman agen.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he neuer came in her bed, why hee has consumed al, pawnd his lands, and made his vniuersitie brother stand in waxe for him, Thers a fine phrase for a scriuener, puh he owes more then his skins worth,

Oli. Is't possible,

Sam. Nay Ile tell you moreouer he calls his wife whore as familiarly as one would cal *Mal & Dol*, and his children bastards as naturally as can bee, but what haue we heere I thought twas somewhat puld downe my breeches: I quite forgot my two pottingsticks, these came from London, now any thing is good heer that comes from London.

Oli. I, farre fetcht you know?

Sam. But speak in your conscience yfaith, haue not we as good pottingsticks ith Cuntry as need to be put ith fire, The mind of a thing is all, The mind of a thing's all, and as thou saidst eene now, farre fetcht is the best thinges for Ladies.

Olin. I, and for waiting gentle weomen to.

Sam. But Ralph, what, is our beer sower this thunder?

Oli. No no it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, Ile teach you the finest humor to be drunk in, I learnd it at London last week.

Am. I faith lets heare it, lets heare it.

Sam. The brauest humor, twold do a man good to

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

bee drunck in't, they call it knighting in London,
when they drink vpon their knees.

Am. Faith that's excellent.

Come follow me, He giue you all the degrees ont in
order.

Exeunt.

Enter wife.

Wife. What will become of vs? all will awaie,
my husband neuer ceases in expence,
Both to consume his credit and his house:
And tis set downe by heauens iust decree,
That Ryotts child must needs be beggery,
Are these the vertues that his youth did promise,
Dice, and voluptuous meetings, midnight Reuels,
Taking his bed with surfetts. lil befeeming
The auncient honor of his howse and name:
And this not all: but that which killles me most,
When he recounts his Losses and false fortunes,
The weaknes of his state see much deiected,
Not as a man repentant but halfe madd:
His fortunes cannot answere his expence:
He sits and fullenly lockes vp his Armes, (him
Forgetting heauen looks downward, which makes
Apppeare soe dreadfull that he frights my heart,
Walks heauily, as if his soule were earth:
Not penitent for those his sinnes are past:
But vext, his mony cannot make them last.
A fearefull melancholie vngodly sorrow.
Oh yonder he comes, now in despight of ills
He speake to him, and I will heare him speake,
And do my best to driue it from his heart.

Enter

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Enter Husband.

Hus. Poxe oth Last throw, it made
Fiue hundred Angels vanish from my sight,
I me damnd, I me damnd: the Angels haue forsook me
Nay tis certainly true: for he that has no coyne
Is damnd in this world: hee's gon, hee's gon.

Wi. Deere husband.

Hus. Oh! most punishment of all I haue a wife,
Wi. I doe intreat you as you loue your soule,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

Hus. A vengeance strip thee naked, thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou. *Exit.*

Wife. Bad, turnd to worse?
both beggery of the soule, as of the bodie.
And so much vnlike him selfe at first,
As if some vexed spirit

Had got his form vpon him. *Enter Husband*
He comes agen: *again.*

He saies I am the cause, I never yet
Spoke lesse then wordes of duty, and of loue.

Hu/ If mariage be honourable, then Cuckolds are
honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage.

Foole: what meant I to marry to get beggars?
now must my eldest sonne be a knaue or nothing, he
cannot liue vppot'h foole, for he wil haue no land to
maintaine him: that morgage fits like a snaffle vpon
mine inheritance, and makes me chaw vpon Iron.
My second sonne must be a promooter, and my third
a theefe, or an vnderputter, a slaue pander.

Oh

A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

Oh beggery, beggery, to what base vices dost thou put
a man.

I think the Deuill scornes to be a bawde.

He beares himselfe more proudly, has more care on's
credit.

Base flauish abiect filthie pouertie.

Wi. Good sir, by all our vowes I doe beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent?

Huf. Mony, mony, mony, and thou must supply me.

Wi. Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent,
Yet what is mine, either in rings or Iewels
Vse to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As y'are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my selfe be out of your respect
Thinke on the state of these three louely boies
You haue bin father to

Hu. Puh Bastards, bastards, bastards, begot in tricks,
begot in tricks.

Wi. Heauen knowes how those words wrong me?
but I maie,

Endure these griefes among a thousand more.

Oh, call to mind your lands already morgadge,

Your selfe woond into debts, your hopefull brother,

At the vniuersitie in bonds for you

Like to be ceald vpon. And

Hu. Ha done thou harlot,

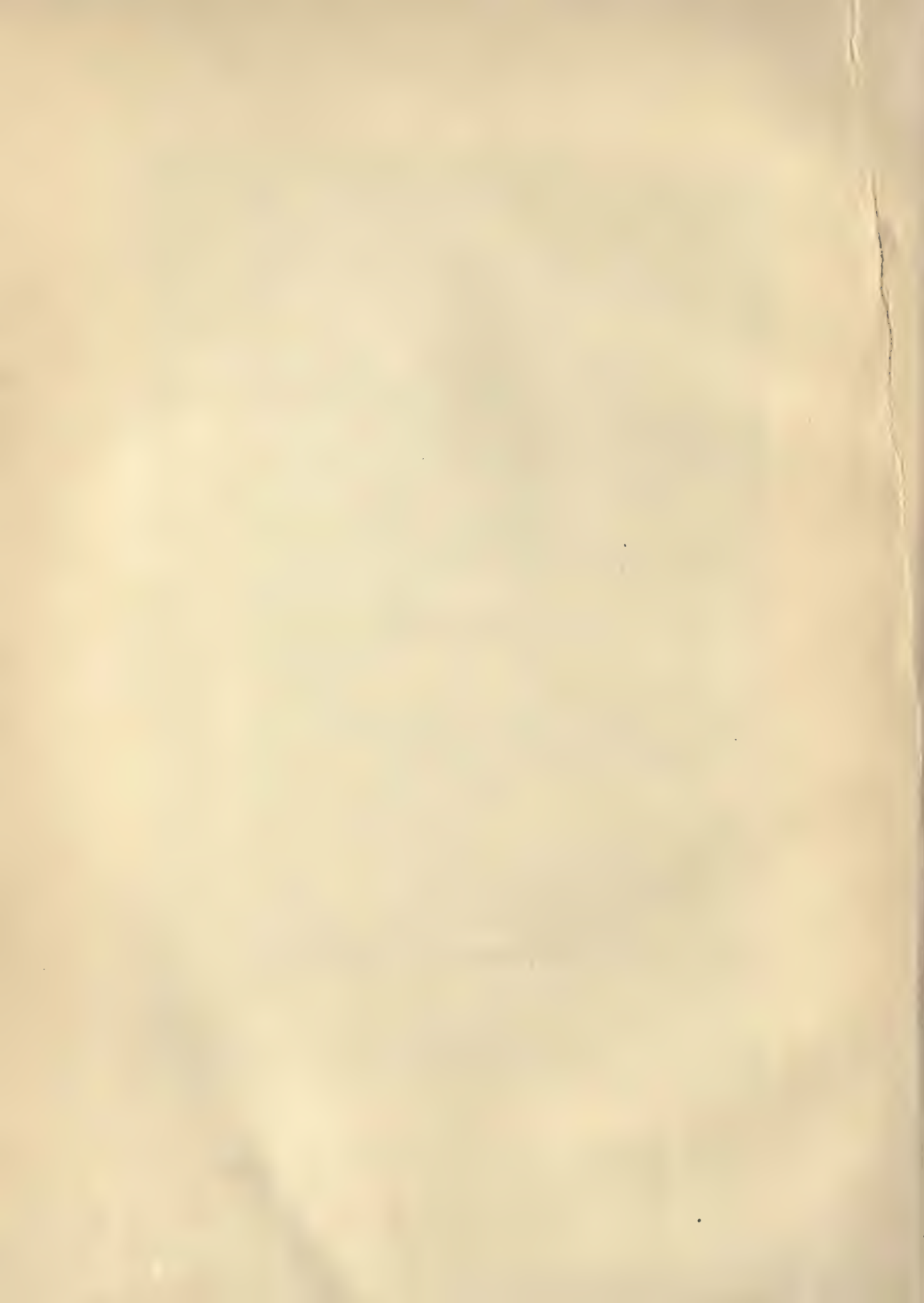
Whome though for fashion sake I married,

I neuer could abide: thinkst thou thy wordes

Shall kill my pleasures, sal of to thy friends,

Thou and thy bastards begg: I will not bate





A Yorkshire Tragedy.

A whit in humor? midnight still I loue you,
And reuel in your Company; Curbd in,
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custome, that I flagd in monie,
No, those thy iewels, I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest.

Wi. Be it so.

Hu. Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest, *spurns*
I will for euer hould thee in contempt, *her*
And neuer touch the sheets that couer thee,
But be diuorst in bed till thou consent,
Thy dowry shall be sold to giue new life
Vnto those pleasures which I most affect

Wi. Sir doe but turne a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall giue me leaue to do
You shall command.

Hu. Look it be done, shal I want dust & like a slaue
weare nothing in my pockets but my hands
To fil them vp with nailes. *holding his hands in*
Oh much against my blood, let it be done, *his pockets.*
I was neuer made to be a looker on:

A bawde to dice? Ile shake the drabbs my selfe
And make em yeeld, I saie look it be done.

Wi. I take my leaue it shall. *Exit.*

Hu. Speedily, speedily, I hate the very howre I chose a
wife a trouble trouble, three children like three cuils
hang vpon me, sic, sic, sic, strumpet, & bastards, strum=
pet and bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen heering him.

1 Gent. Still doe those loathsome thoughts lare on
B your

A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

your tongue,

Your selfe to staine the honour of your wife,
Nobly discended, those whom men call mad
Endanger others; but hee's more then mad
That wounds himselfe, whose owne wordes do pro-
Scandalis vniust, to soile his better name: (claym
It is not fit I pray forsake it.

2 Gen. Good sir, let modestie reprove you.

3. Gen. Let honest kindnes sway so much with you,

Hu. God den, I thanke you sir, how do you, adieu,
Ime glad to see you, farewell Instructions, Admoniti-
ons,

Exeunt Gen.

Enter a seruant.

Hu. How now sirra what wud you,

Ser. Only to certifie you sir, that my mistris was met
by the way, by the who were sent for her vp to Londō
by her honorable vnkle, your worships late gardian.

Hu. So sir, then she is gon and so may you be:

But let her looke that the thing be done she wots of:
or hel wil stand more pleasāt the her house at home,

Enter a Gentle man.

Gen. Well or ill met I care not.

Hu. No nor I.

Gen. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hu. Who me? chide me? doo't finely then: let it not
moue me, for if thou chidst me angry I shall strike.

Gen. Strike thine owne follie, for it is they
Deserue to be wel beaten, we are now in priuate,
Ther's none but thou and I? thou'rt fond & peeuish,
An vncleane ryoter, thy landes and Credit

Lie

A Torkhiers Tragedy.

Lie now both sick of a consumption
I am sorry for thee: that man spends with shame
That with his ritches does consume his name:
And such art thou.

Huf. Peace.

Gent. No thou shalt heare me further:
Thy fathers and forefathers worthy honors,
Which were our country monuments: our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface:
The spring time of thy youth did fairely promise
such a most fruitfull summer to thy friends
It scarce can enter into mens beliefs,
Such dearth should hang on thee, wee that see it,
Are sorry to beleue it: in thy change,
This voice into all places wil be hurld:
thou and the deuill has deceaued the world,

Huf. Ile not indure thee.

Gent. but of all the worst:

Thy vertuous wife right honourably allied
Thou hast proclaimed a strumpet.

Huf. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her champion thou, her priuat friend,
The partie you wor on.

Gent. Oh ignoble thought.
I am past my patient bloode, shall I stand idle
and see my reputation toucht to death.

Huf. Ta's galde you this, has it,

Gent. No monster, I will proue
My thoughts did only tend to vertuous loue,
Loue of her vertues: there it goes:

A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

Gent. Base spirit,
To laie thy hate vpon the fruitfull *They fight and the*
Honor of thine own bed, *Husbands hurt,*

Hu. Oh,

Ge. Woulst thou yeeld it yet?

Hu. Sir, Sir, I haue not done with you,

Gent. I hope nor nere shall doe. *Fight again.*

Hu. Haue you got tricks are you in cunning with me.

Gent. No plaine and right.

He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.

Husband falls downe.

Hu. Hard fortune, am I leueld with the ground?

Gent. Now sir you lie at mercy,

Hu. I you slaue,

Ge. Alas that hate should bring vs to our graue:
You see my sword's not thirsty for your life,
I am sorrier for your woonde then your selfe,
Yare of a vertuous house, show vertuous deeds
Tis not your honour, tis your folly bleedies,
Much good has bin expected in your life,
Cancell not all mens hopes, you haue a wife
Kind and obedient; heape not wrongfull shame
On her your posterity, let only sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise neuer to fall more.
And so I leaue you. *Exite*

Hu. Has the dogg left me then
After his tooth hath left me? oh my hart
Would faine leape after him, reuenge I saye,
Ime mad to be reueng'd, my strumpet wife:



A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
And makes my brest spit blood, but thou shalt bleed:
Vanquish't? got downe? vnable eene to speak?
Surely tis want of mony makes men weake,
It was that orethrew me, Id' enere bin downe els. *Exit*

Enter wife in a riding suite with a servingman.

Serv. Faith mistris If it might not bee presumption
In me to tell you so, for his excuse

You had smal reason, knowing his abuse,

Wi. I grant I had; but alas,

Whie should our faults at home be spred abroad:

Tis grieve enough within dores: At first sight

Myne Vncle could run ore his prodigall life

As perfectly, as if his serious eye

Had nombred all his follies:

Knew of his morgadg'd lands, his friends in bonds,

himselfe withered with debts: And in that minute

Had I added his vsage and vnkindnes,

Twould haue confounded euery thought of good:

Where now, fathering his ryots one his youth,

Which time and tame experience will shake off,

gessing his kindnes to me (as I smoothd him

With all the skill I had) though his deserts

Are in forme vglier then an vnshapte Bear.

Hee's reddey to prefer him to some office

And place at Court, A good and sure reliefe

To al his stooping fortunes twil be a meanes I hope,

To make new league between vs, and redeeme

His vertues with his landes.

Ser I should think so mistris. If he should not now

A yorke shiere Tragedy.

be kinde to you and loue you, and cherish you vp, I should thinke the deuill himselfe kept open house in him.

Wi. I doubt not but he will now, prethe leaue me, I think I heare him comming.

Ser. I am gone.

Exit.

Wife. By this good meanes I shal preferue my lāds, And free my husband out of vsurers hands: Now ther is no neede of sale, my Vncle's kind I hope, if ought, this will content his minde, Here comes my husband.

Enter Husband.

Hu. Now, are you come, wher's the mony, lets see the mony, is the rubbish sold, those wiseakers your lands, why when, the mony, where ist, powr't down, down with it, downe with it, I say powr't oth ground lets see't, lets see't.

Wi. Good sir, keep but in patience and I hope My words shall like you well, I bring you better Comfort then the sale of my Dowrie.

Hu. Hah what's that?

Wi. Pray do not fright me sir, but vouchsafe me hearing, my Vncle glad of your kindnes to mee & milde vsage. for soe I made it to him, has in pittie of your declining fortunes, prouided A place for you at Court of worth & credit, which so much ouerioyd me

Hu. Out on thee filth, ouer and ouerioyd, *spurns her* When I live in torments?

Thou pollitick whore, subtiller then nine Deuils, was this thy iourney to Nuncke, to set downe the historie
of



A Yorkshire Tragedy.

of me, of my state and fortunes:

Shall I that Dedicated my selfe to pleasure, be now
confind in seruice to crouch and stand like an old
man ith hams, my hat off, I that neuer could abide to
vncouer my head ith Church, base slut, this fruite
beares thy complaints.

Wife. Oh heauen knowes,

That my complaintes were praises, and best wordes
of you, and your estate: onely my friends,
Knew of your morgagde Landes, and were posselt
Of euery accident before I came.

If thou suspect it but a plot in me

To keepe my dowrie, or for mine owne good
or my poore childrens: (though it sutes a mother
To show a naturall care in their reliefs,

Yet ile forget my selfe to calme your blood:

Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you,

And all I wishe, eene Clemency affoord:

giue mee but comely looks and modest wordes.

Hu. Money whore, money, or Ile-

Enters a seruant very hastily.

What the deuel? how now? thy hasty news? *to his man*

Se. Maie it please you sir.

Seruant in a feare

Hu. What? maie I not looke vpon my dagger?

Speake villaine, or I will execute the pointe on thee:
quick, short,

Ser. Why sir a gentlemā from the Vniuersity staies
below to speake with you.

Hu. From the Vniuersity? so, Vniuersity
That long word ru ns through mee.

Exeunt.

Was

A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

Wif. Was euer wife so wretchedlie beset, *Wif. alone*
Had not this newes stept in between, the point
Had offered violence to my brest.
That which some women call greate misery
Would show but little heere: would scarce be seene
Amongst my miseries: I mait Compare
For wretched fortunes with all wiues that are,
Nothing will please him; vntill all benothing.
He calls it slavery to be preferd.
A place of credit, a bale seruitude.
What shall become of me, and my poore children,
Two here, and one at nurse, my prettie beggers,
I see how ruine with a palsie hand
Begins to shake the auncient seat to dust:
the heauy weight of sorrow, drawes my liddes
Ouer my dankishe eies: I can scarce see,
Thus grieve will laste, it wakes and sleeps with mee.

Enter the Husband with the master of the Colledge,

Hu. Please you draw neer sir, y^e are exceeding wel-
come.

Ma. Thats my doubt, I fear, I come not to be wel-
come.

Hu. yes howsoeuer.

Ma. Tis not my fashon Sir to dwell in long circū-
stance, but to be plain, and effectuali, therefore to the
purpose.

The cause of my setting forth was pittious and la-
mentable, that hopefull young gentleman your bro-
ther, whose vertues we all loue deere lie through your
default



A Yorkshire Tragedy.

default, and vnnaturall negligence lies in bond executed for your debt, a prisoner, al his studies amazed, his hope strook dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

Hu. Hum, vm vm.

Mr. Oh, you haue kild the towardest hope of all our vniuesitie: wherefore without repentance and amends, expect pandorus and suddain Iudgements to fall grieuosity vpon you, your brother, a man who profited in his diuine Imployments, mighte haue made ten thousand soules fit for heauen, now by your carelessse courses caste in prison which you must answere for, and assure your spirit it wil come home at length.

Hu. Oh god oh.

Mr. Wisemen think ill of you, others speake ill of you, no man loues you, nay euen those whome honesty condemnes, condemne you: and take this from the vertuous affection I beare your brother, neuer looke for prosperous hower, good thought, quiet sleepes, contented walkes, nor any thing that makes man perfect til you redeem him, what is your answer how will you bestow him, vpon desperate miserye, or better hopes? I suffer, till I heare your answer.

Hu. Sir: you haue much wrought with mee, I feele you in my soule, you are your artes master.

I neuer had sence til now; your fillables haue cleft me Both for your words and pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grieuous wronges done to my brother, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.

Within there?

C

Enter

A Yorksbiers Tragedy.

Enter a servingman.

Sir *Hu.* Fill me a bowle of wine. Alas poore brother,
Bruſ'd with an execution for my sake *Exit servingman*

Mr. A bruſe indeed makes many a mortall for wine.
Sore till the graue cure em

Enter with wine.

Hu. Sir I begin to you, y'are chid your welcome:

Mr. I could haue wiſht it better for your sake,
I pledge you ſir, to the kind man in priſon.

Hu. Let it be ſoe?

Now Sir if you ſo pleaſe *Drink both.*

To ſpend but a few minutes in a walke
about my grounds below, my man heere ſhall attend
you: I doubt not but by that time to be furniſht of a
ſufficient anſwere, and therein my brother fully ſatis-
fied.

Mr. Good ſir in that, the Angells would be pleaſd,
And the worlds murmures calmd, and I ſhould ſaye
I ſet forth then vpon a lucky daie. *Exit.*

Hu. Oh thou confuſed man, thy pleaſant ſins haue
vndone thee thy damnation has beggerd thee, that
heauen ſhould ſay we muſt not ſin, and yet made wo-
men: giues our ſences waie to finde pleaſure, which
being found confounds vs, why ſhould we know thoſe
things ſo much miſuſe vs--oh would vertue had been
forbidden, wee ſhould then haue prooued all vertu-
ous, for tis our bloude to loue what we are forbidden,
had not drunkennes byn forbidden what man wold
haue



A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

haue been foole to a beaft, and Zany to a swine to
show tricks in the mire, what is there in three
dice to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres
into the compasse of a round little table, & with the
gentlemans pally in the hand shake out his poste-
ritie, thieues or beggars: tis done, I ha don't yfaith:
terrible horrible misery. ————— how well
was I left, very well, very wel.

My Lands shewed like a full moone about mee, but
nowe the moon's ith last quarter, wayning, waining,
And I am mad to think that moone was mine:

Mine and my fathers, and my forefathers generati-
ons, generations: downe goes the howse of vs, down,
downe; it sincks: Now is the name a beggar, begs in
me that name which hundreds of yeeres has made
this shiere famous: in me, and my posterity runs out.

In my seede five are made miserable besides my
selfe, my ryot is now my brothers iaylor, my wiues
fighing, my three boyes penurie, and mine own con-
fusion:

Teares his haire.

Why sit my haires vpon my cursed head?

Will not this poyson scatter them? oh my brother's
In execution among deuells that stretch him: & make
him giue. And I in want, not able for to lyue.

Nor to redeeme him,

Divines and dying men may talke of hell,

But in my heart her seuerall torments dwell,

Slauery and mysery.

Who in this case would not take vp mony vpon his
soule, pawn his saluation, liue at interest:

A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

I that did euer in aboundance dwell,
for me to want, exceeds the throwes of hel.

Enters his little sonne with a top and a scourge,

Son. What aile you father, are you not well, I cannot scourge my top as long as you stand so: you take vp all the roome with your wide legs, puh you cast not mee afeard with this, I feare no vizards, nor bugbeares.

Husb. takes vp the childe by the skirts of his long
coate in one hand and drawes his dagger
with th' other.

Hu. Vp sir, for heer thou hast no inheritance left.

Sonne. Oh what will you do father, I am your white boie.

Hu. Thou shalt be my red boie, take that, *strikes him*

Son: Oh you hurt me father.

Hu. My eldest beggar: thou shalt not liue to aske an
vflurer bread, to crie at a great mans gate, or followe
good your honour by a Couch, no, nor your brother:
tis charity to braine you.

Son. How shall I learne now my heads broke?

Hu. Bleed, bleed, rather then beg, beg, *stabs him.*
be not thy names disgrace:

Spurne thou thy fortunes first if they be base:

Come view thy second brother: fates,

My childrens bloud shall spin into your faces,
you shall see.

How Confidently we scorne beggery?

Exit with his Sonne,

Fin

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Enter a maide with a child in her armes, the mother by her a sleepe.

M. Sleep sweet babe sorrow makes thy mother sleep,
It boades small good when heauines falls so deepe,
Hush prettie boy thy hopes might haue been better,
Tis lost at Dice what ancient honour won,
Hard when the father plaies awaie the Sonne:
No thing but misery serues in this house.
ruine and desolation: oh

Enter husband with the boie bleeding.

Hu: Whore, giue me that boy, *Serues with her for the*
M. Oh help, help, out alas, murder murder, *child.*

Hu. Are you gossiping, prating sturdy queane, Ile
breake your clamor with your neck down staires:
Tumble, tumble, headlong, *Throws her down.*

So, the surest waie to charme a womans tongue.
Is break hir neck, a pollitician did it.

Son. Mother, mother, I am kild mother,
Ha, whose that cride? oh me my children: *W. makes*
both, both, both, bloody, bloody, *catches up the yongest.*

Hu. Strumpet let go the boy, let go the beggar.

Wi. Oh my sweet husband,

Hu. Filth, harlot.

Wi. Oh what will you doe deare husband,

Hu. Gine me the bastard,

Wi. Your owne sweet boy,

Hu. There are too many beggars.

Wi. Good my hus-band,

Hu. Doest thou preuent me still?

C3

Wi. Oh

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Wi. Oh god;

Stabs at the child in

Hu. Haue at his hart

his armes.

Wi. Oh my deare boy,

gets it from hir.

Hu. Brat thou shalt not liue to shame thy howse,

Wi. Oh heauen

shee's hurt and sinks downe.

Hu. And perish now begon,

Ther's whores enow, and want wold make thee one.

Enter a lusty seruant.

Ser. Oh Sir what deeds are these?

Hu. Base slaue my vassail:

Comst thou between my fury to question me

Ser. Were you the Deuil I would hold you sir,

Hu. Hould me? presumption, Ile vndoe thee for't,

Ser. Sbloud you haue vndone vs all sir,

Hu. Tug at thy master,

Ser. Tug at a Monster.

Hu. Haue I no power, shall my slaue fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the Deuil wrastles, I am thowne,

Hu. Oh villane now Ile tug thee,

ouer comes him.

now Ile teare thee,

set quick spurres to my vassaile, bruize him,

trample him, so, I think thou wilt not folow me in hast

My horse stands redde saddled, away, away,

Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking begger:

Fates, Ile not leaue you one to trample one.

The Master meets him.

Ma. How ist with you sir me thinks you looke of a
distracted colour.

Hu. Who I sir, tis but your fancie,

Please you walke in Sir, and Ile soone resolute you,

I wan



A Yorkshire Tragedy.

I want one small parte to make vp the som,
And then my brother shall rest satisfi'd,

Mr. I shall be glad to see it, sir Ile attend you, *Exen.*

Ser. Oh I am scarce able to heaue vp my selfe:
H'as so bruizd me with his diuelish waight,
And torne my flesh with his bloud-hasty spurre
A man before of easie constitution
Till now hells power supplied; to his soules wrong,
Oh how damnation can make weake men strong.

Enter Master, and two seruants.

Ser. Oh the most pittous deed sir since you came.

Mr. A deadly greeting: has he somde vp theis
To satisfie his brother? heer's an other:
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother,

Wi. Oh oh.

Mr. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recouers life
One of his men al faint and bloudied,

1. Seru. Follow, our murderous master has took horse
To kill his child at nurle, oh follow quickly.

Mr. I am the readiest, it shal be my charge
To raise the towne vpon him *Exit Mr and seruants.*

1 Ser. Good sir do follow him.

Wi. Oh my children.

1. Ser. How is it with my most afflicted Mistris?

Wi. Why, do I now recouer? why half liue?
To see my children bleede before mine eies.
A sight able to kill a mothers brest

Without an executioner, what art thou mangled too?

1. ser, I thinking to preuent what his quicke mis-
chiefes had so soone acted; came and rusht vpon him

Wee

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

We struggled, but a fowler strength then his
Ore threw me with his armes, then did he bruize me
And rent my flesh, and robd me of my haire:
Like a man mad in execution
Made me vnfit to rise and follow him.

Wi. What is it has beguild him of all grace?
And stole awaie humanity from his brekt?
To slaie his children, purpos'd to kill his wife,
And spoile his seruants.

Enter two seruants.

Ambo sir, Please you leaue this most accursed place,
a surgeon waites within.

Wi. Willing to leaue it,
Tis guiltie of sweete blood, innocent blood,
Murder has tooke this chamber with ful hands,
And wil nere out as long as the house stands. *Exeunt*

Enter Husband as being thrown off his horse, And falls:

Hu. Oh stumbling Iade the spauin ouertake thee,
the fittie diseases stop thee,
Oh, I am sorely bruisde, plague founder thee,
Thou runst at ease and pleasure, hart, of chance
to Throw me now within a flight oth Towne,
In such plaine euen ground, I fot, a man may dice vp
on't, and throw awaie the Medowes, filthy beast.

Crie within Follow, follow, follow.

Hu. Ha? I hear sounds of men, like hew and crie:
vp, vp, and struggle to thy horse, make on

dis.



Disdatch that little begger and all's done.

Kni. Heere, this waie, this waye:

Huf. At my backe? oh,

What fate haue I, my limbes deny mee go,

My will is bated, beggery claimes a parte.

Oh could I here reach to the infants heart.

*Enter M. of the Colledge, 3. Gentlemen, and others
with Hosberds.*

Finde him.

All. Heere, heere, yonder, yonder.

Mr. Vnnaturall, flintie, more then barbarous:

The Scythians in their marble hearted fates,

Could not haue acted more remorselesse deeds.

In their relentlesse natures, then these of thine:

Was this the answear I long waited on,

The satisfaction for thy prisoned brother?

Huf. Why, he can haue no more on's then our skins,

And some of em want but fleaing.

1. Gen. Great finnes haue made him impudent:

Mr. H'as shed so much bloud that he cannot blush:

2. Ge. Away with him, bear him a long to the Iustices:

A gentleman of woorship dwels at hand,

There shall his deeds be blazd;

Huf. Why all the better,

My glory tis to haue my action knowne,

I grieue for nothing, but I mist of one:

Mr. Ther's little of a father in that grieue:

Beare him away.

Exeunt.

D

Enter

Enter a knight with two or three Gentlemen.

Kni. Endangered so his wife? murdered his children?

4 Gent. So the Cry comes.

Kni. I am sorry I ere knew him,
That euer he took life and naturall being
From such an honoured stock, and fair discent,
Til this black minut without staine or blemish:

4 Gent. Here come the men,

*Enter the master of the colledge and the rest,
with the prisoner.*

Kni. The serpent of his house? Ime sorry for this
time that I am in place of iustice.

Mr. Please you Sir.

Kni. Doe not repeate it twice I know too much,
would it had nere byn thought on;
Sir I bleede for you.

4 Gent. Your fathers sorrows are aliue in me:
What made you shew such monstrous crueltie;

Hu. In a worde Sir,
I hane consumed all, plaid awaie long acre,
And I thought it the charitablest deed I could doe
To cussen beggery: and knock my house oth head.

Kni. Oh in a cooler bloud you will repent it.

Hu. I repent now, that ones left vnkild,
My brat at nurse. Oh I would ful fain haue weand him

Knigh. Well, I doe not think but in to morrowes
iudgement.

The terror will sit closer to your soule,

When



A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

When the dread thought of death remembers you
to further which, take this sad voice from me;
Neuer was act plaid more vnnaturally.

Huf. I thank you Sir.

Kni. Goe leade him to the Tayle,
Where iustice claimes all, there must pittie faile.

Huf. Come come, awaie with me. *Exit prisoner.*

Mr. Sir, you deserue the worship of your place,
Would all did so; in you the law is grace,

Kni. It is my wish it should be so,
Ruinous man, the desolation of his howse, the blot
Vpon his predecessors honord name:
That man is neereest shame that is past shame. *Exit.*

Enter Husband with the officers, The Maister and gentlemen as going by his house.

Hu. I am right against my howse, seat of my Ancestors:
I heare my wif's aliuie; but much endangered:
Let me intreat to speak with her
before the prison gripe me,

Enter his wife brought in a chaire.

Gent. See heer she comes of her selfe,

Wi. Oh my sweete Hus-band, my deere distressed
husband, now in the hands of vnrelenting lawes,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding,
Now my soule bleeds.

Hu. How now? kind to me? did I not wound thee, left
thee for dead,

Wife. Tut farre greater wounds did my brest feele,
Vnkindnes strikes a deeper wound then Steele,

A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

You haue been still vnkinde to mee:

Huf. Faith, and so I thinke I haue:

I did my murtheres roughly out of hand,

Desperate and suddaine, but thou hast deuiz'd

A fine way now to kill me, thou hast ginen mine eies

Seauen woonds a peece; now glides the deuill from

mee, departes at euery ioynt, heaues vp my nailes:

Oh catch him new torments, that were near inuēted,

Binde him one thousand more you blessed Angells

In that pit bottomlesse, let him not rise

To make men act vnnaturall tragedies

To spred into a father, and in furie,

Make him his childrens executioners:

Murder his wife, his seruants, and who not?

For that man's darke, where heauen is quite forgot.

Wi. Oh my repentant husband.

Huf. My deere soull, whom I too much haue wrongd,

For death I die, and for this haue I longd.

Wi. Thou sholdst not (be assurde) for these faults die,

If the law cold forgine assoone as I.

Huf. What sight is yonder? *Children laid out.*

Wi. Oh our two bleeding boyes laid forth vpon
the thresholde.

(crack

Hu. Heer's weight enough to make a heart-string

Oh were it lawfull that your prettie soules

Might looke from heauen into your fathers eyes,

Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,

And both your murtheres shoote vpon my checkes,

But you are playing in the Angells lappes,

And will not looke on me,

Who



A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Who void of grace, kild you in beggery.
Oh that I might my wishes now attaine,
I should then wish you liuing were againe:
Though I did begge with you, which thing I feard,
Oh twas the enemy my eyes so bleard.
Oh would you could pray heauen me to forgiue,
That will vnto my end repentant liue.

Wi. It makes me eene forget all other sorrowes
and leaue parte with this. Come will you goe,

Huf. Ile kisse the bloud I spilt and then I goe:
my soull is bloudied, well may my lippes be so.
Farewell deere wife, now thou and I must parte,
I of thy wrongs repeat me with my harte.

Wi. Oh staye thou shalt not goe:

Huf. That's but in vaine, you see it must be so.
Farewell ye bloudie ashes of my boyes,
My punishments are their eternall ioyes.
Let euery father looke into my deedes,
And then their heirs may prosper while mine bleeds.

Wi. More wretched am I now in this distresse, *Exeunt*
then former sorrowes made me. *Husband with holberds*

Mr. Oh kinde wife be comforted,
One ioy is yet vnmurdered:

You haue a boy at nurse your ioy's in him.

Wi. Dearer then all is my poore husbands life:
Heauen giue my body strength, which yet is faint
With much expence of bloud, and I will kueele,
Sue for his life, nomber vp all my friends.
To plead for pardon my deare husbands life.

Mr. Was it in man to woound so kinde a creature?

Ile

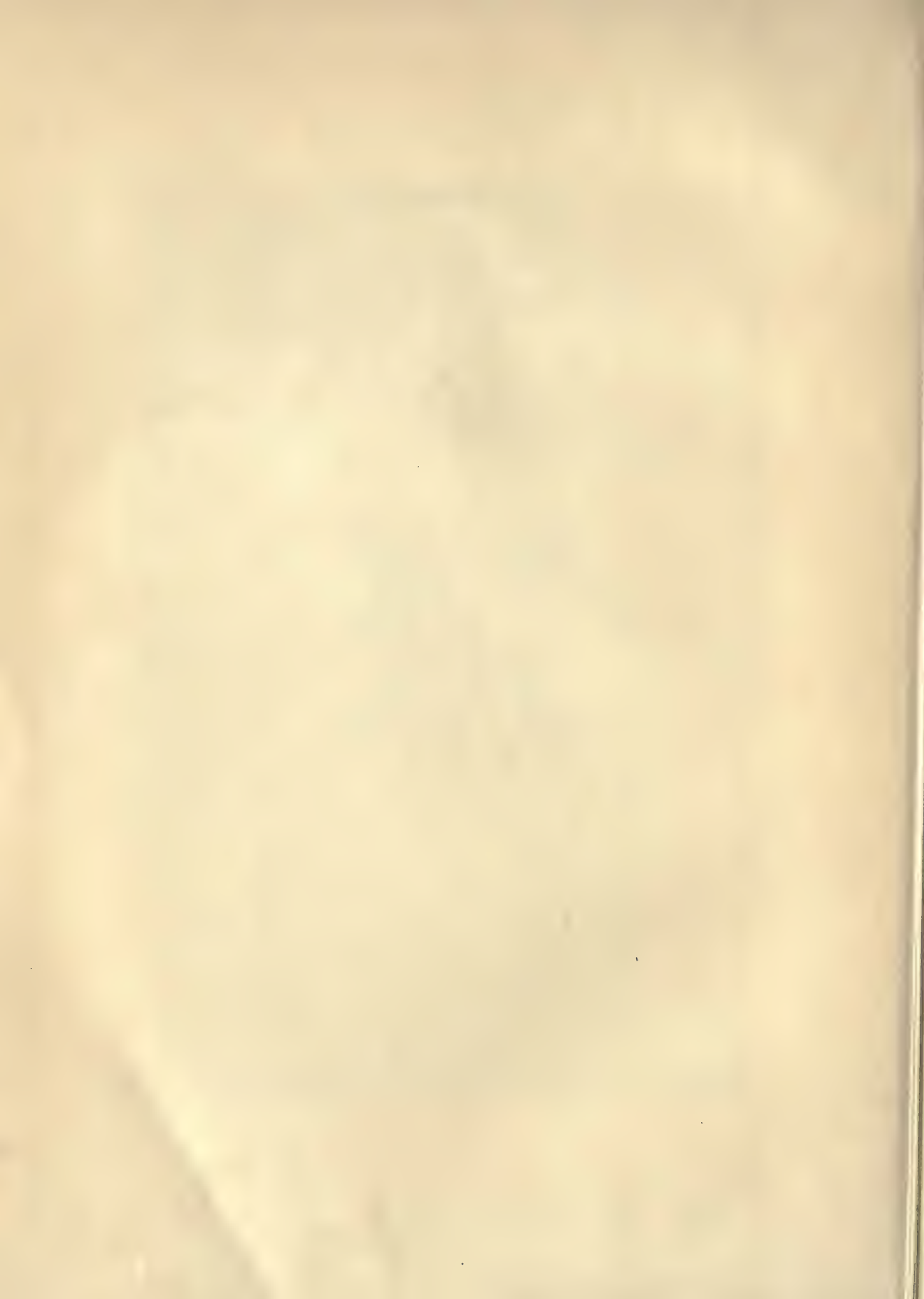
A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Ile euer praise a woman for thy sake,
I must returne with griefe my answer's set:
I shall bring newes weies heauier then the debt:
Two brothers: one in bond lies ouerthrowne
This, on a deadlier execution

FINIS.

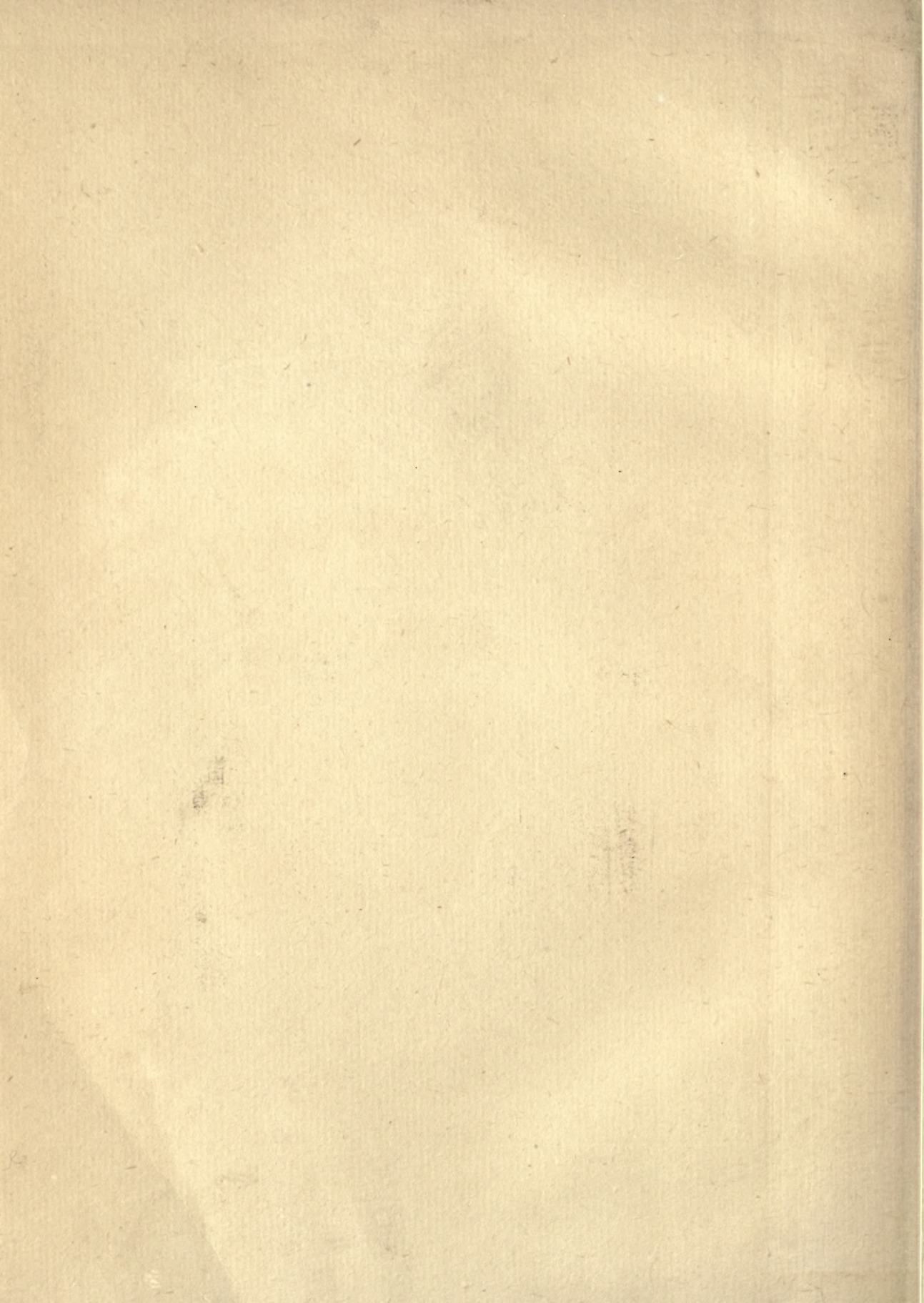


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